

Some a Servooper Man was
"Assassinated" by a Landlord's
Daughter.
It is the last one I repeat.

I haven't dated this letter, because I don't know where I am. I am about nine miles from Julesburg at a little settlement on the South Platte river. At daylight tomorrow I am to catch some of the finest salmon you ever saw. They will not bite at any other time of day—I suppose they learned this diabolical habit of early breakfasting from the "Hull Whalers," who navigate these plains. I am staying at a little hotel about thirty by ten feet. The greatest thing in this country is lumber, settlers having to pay over so many dollars a foot for all they use, besides what they brought in their wagons. The land lord is from Pennsylvania, and seems to be doing a thriving business by dint of hard talking and liberal promises. He got a room to myself. It is just large enough for the bed and candle box set on a chair upon which I am writing this letter. It is in one end of the building and separated from the next room by a bed-quilt, which you must crawl under to come in or go out. But it is my room, and after the jolting I have had upon the Indian pony, I expect to have a good night's sleep.

As ever a poor pilgrim in such a fix! Just as I had written "night's" above, and had sleep on the point of my pen, I heard a knocking on the floor outside the bed quilt. "Crawl under," said I.

Enter the landlord's daughter, a buxom young lady, about seventeen years, opened her rosy lips and spoke as follows:

"Mister, don't take off your clothes to-night when you go to bed."

"Why?"

Because I am going to sleep with you.

"Well, if you have no better reason than that—"

"Hush! Shut up! You told par that you would not sleep with a man."

"I had rather sleep with a wet dog."

"Well, I have given up my bed to a sick man. I have been bad at work all day, and have to work hard all day to-morrow, and I can't afford to set up all night. That bed is wide enough for us. I shall stay on the backside, and if you don't stay on your side, you'd better, that's all."

As she said this she raised from her dress pocket an infant jackknife, such as farmers use in trimming fruit trees, and then let it fall back with a clang. I comprehended the situation in half a moment, and unto this maiden I quoth as follows:

"Miss, young lady, your intentions may, or may not, be honorable. I am traveling entirely by myself. My natural protectors are miles and miles away beyond the boundless prairie, ignorant of the perils which may befall their idol. Thus far I have not been insulted by your sex. I am a man of a few words, but they are always emphatic. I will give you up a part of that bed, and that's all I will do." If you attempt, during the silent watches of the night, anything contrary to this firm determination, by St. Joseph, my patron saint, I will shoot you right through the maddifit."

As I concluded, I laid a Soemm pistol upon the candle-box. A low chuckle outside the bed quilt gave evidence that paterfamilias had heard and approved the arrangement.

My antagonist laughed, and saying: "Mister, I reckon we understand each other," bounded over the back side of the bed. There she is now pretending to be asleep. I can't finish this letter. I can't do anything. Talk about the trials of the earlier saints—about being broiled over live coals—about being flayed alive—about being boiled in oil. What was all that to all this?

"Mark Twain" gets off the following in the Buffalo Express: John Wagner, the oldest man in Buffalo—104 years—recently walked a mile and a half in two weeks. He is as cheerful and bright as any of those other old men who charge around so in the newspapers, and is every way as remarkable. Last November he walked five blocks in a rain storm, without any shelter but an umbrella, and cast his vote for Grant, remarking that he had voted for forty-seven Presidents, which was a lie. His "second crop of rich brown hair" arrived from New York yesterday, and he has a new set of teeth coming—from Philadelphia. He is to be married next week to a girl 102 years old, who still takes in washing. They have been engaged eighty years, but their parents persistently refused their consent until three days ago."

The Belle and the Student. At a certain splendid evening party a haughty young beauty turned to a student, who stood near her, and said: "Cousin John, I understand your eccentric friend L— is here. Do bring him here and introduce him to me."

The student went in search of his friend, and at length found him lounging on a sofa. "Come L—" said he, "my beautiful cousin Catharine wishes to be introduced to you."

"Well, trot her out, John," drawled L—, with an affected yawn.

John returned to his cousin, and advised her to defer the introduction to a more favorable time, repeating the answer he had received. The beauty bit her lip; but the next moment said, "Well never fear, I shall insist on being introduced."

After some delay L— was led up and the ceremony of introduction was performed. Agreeably surprised by the beauty and commanding appearance of Catharine, L— made a profound bow; but instead of returning it, she stopped backward, and, raising her glass, surveyed him deliberately from head to foot; then waving the back of her hand toward him, drawled out, "Trot him off, John! trot him off! that is enough!"

Major Pratt, who was illegally arrested by United States Marshall Barlow, in New York City, has sued the astute Barlow for "false imprisonment," laying damages at \$10,000.

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